NORTHERN MESSENGER

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

VOLUME XXVIII., No. 17. MONTREAL & NEW YORK, AUGUST 18, 1893. 30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid.

THE JUBILEE OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND DISRUPTION.

BY JAMES STALKER, D.D., IN 'SUNDAY MAGAZINE.'

This year the Free Church of Scotland—the church of Chalmers and Candlish, of Dr. Guthrie and Hugh Miller—is celebrating its jubilee. As a matter of course the

DR. GUTHRIE.

events in which it took its rise are being recalled throughout all its own borders; but they have also a wider interest as incidents of achievement and sacrifice creditable to human nature.

The Free Church separated from the State in 1843, after a struggle which is remembered under the name of the Ten Years' Conflict. At first the question in dispute was how far the Church was at liberty to give effect to the mind of the congregation in the settlement of a minister, but, as time went on, the area of conflict widened, until, in the opinion of those at least who surrendered their connection with the State, the whole question of the freedom of the Church to act upon her own views of the mind of Christ even in the most spiritual matters was involved.

As early as the close of 1842 it had become manifest that events were tending towards a disruption of the Church; and in November of that year an important meeting of ministers, remembered as the Convocation, was held in Edinburgh, at which many pledged themselves to quit the Establishment, unless they obtained the redress of their grievances. Early in 1843, attempts were made in both Houses of Parliament to secure such legislation as might still avert the calamity, but without avail. The Scottish members in the House of Commons, indeed, gave the Church a majority of two to one; but they were overwhelmed by the votes of the English members. On the back of this disappointment quickly followed two decisions of the House of Lords on appeals sent up from the Scotch courts, which riveted more closely than ever the fetters of the Church. It was therefore amidst a great tension of the public mind that the General Assembly met in 1843.

The General Assembly is in Edinburgh the concentrated essence of what the May Meetings are in London. The opening day is a holiday, when the city exhibits something of the appearance presented by London on Lord Mayor's Day. The Lord High Commissioner, a peer representing Her Majesty, holds a levee in the morning in the ancient Palace of Holyrood; thence he drives to church in procession through streets lined with soldiers, while cannons thunder from the Castle; and finally he proceeds with his retinue to occupy the Throne Gallery in the General Assembly.

But on May 18, 1843, everything was intensified far beyond the ordinary. The number of strangers, especially of ministers, who had flocked into the city was unprecedented. The holiday was more complete than usual, and the crowds in the streets were not only larger but of a wholly different composition from the throng of boys and idlers who generally assemble to see the show. Grave and responsible citi-

HUGH MILLER.

zens were mingled with the lighter elements, along with numbers of solid country people. As early as four or five in the morning the doors of St. Andrew's church, where the Assembly was to meet, were besieged by those determined to be present at the impending event.

The levee at Holyrood over, the procession took its way to the High Church, where divine service was conducted by the retiring Moderator, as the chairman or president of the General Assembly is called, who happened on this occasion to be the Rev. Dr. Welsh, professor of Church History in the University of Glasgow, a clergyman of high character and accomplishments, who was expected to come out and, in doing so, to forfeit not only his professorship but also the secretaryship of the Bible Board, worth about £600 a year. Meantime St. Andrew's church, in George street, was crammed from floor to ceiling by a waiting crowd; and the seats on the right hand of the chair, generally occupied by the party opposed to the reforming movement, gradually filled up with the Moderates, as they were called, who had not gone to church to listen to the Evangelical Moderator's sermon. They have been described, as they appeared that day, before their opponents arrived, by the graphic but biting pen of Hugh Miller:

'What seemed most fitted to catch the eye of a stranger was the rosy appearance of the men, and their rounded contour of face and feature. Moderatism in the present day is evidently not injuring its complexion by the composition of "Histories of Scotland" like that of Robertson, or by prosecuting such "Inquiries into the Human Mind" as those instituted by Reid. We were reminded, in glancing over the benches, of a bed of full-blown peony-roses, glistening after a shower.' But soon the blare of the Commissioner's approach was heard outside; the vacant seats of the Evangelicals, whose more distinguished members were greeted as they entered with hearty applause, were filled up, and the Moderator appeared in his place, arrayed in the quaint costume of his office—gown and bands, with court dress beneath, ruffles at the sleeves, silk stockings, and buckled shoes.

Instead, however, of opening the proceedings in the usual way and proposing a successor to himself, he rose with a paper in his hand, which he proceeded to read. This was a document, remembered as the Protest, which, after setting forth in ample and dignified terms the invasions of her jurisdiction which the Church had suffered in the preceding years at the hands of the civil courts, proceeded to state that, a free meeting of the General Assembly being no longer possible on the old conditions, the Church withdrew from the scene, to constitute its Assembly elsewhere on an independent footing. Laying this protest on the table, the Moderator lifted his three-

DR. CHALMERS.

cornered hat of office and made for the door. Dr. Chalmers hurriedly rose to follow, and the bustle of departure spread through the ranks of the Evangelicals. A burst of applause broke out from the galleries, but was instantly repressed by more solemn and overpowering emotions. The occupants of bench after bench rose and departed, till the portion of the house belonging to the reforming party was left empty.

Outside, as the leaders emerged from the church, a great burst of applause greeted them from a vast crowd in the street; and, as more and ever more appeared, it swelled louder and louder, and ran from street to street. In the public mind there had been the greatest dubiety both as to whether there would be a disruption at all and as to what dimensions it would assume. Although in the previous year more than two hundred had pledged themselves to come out, unless their demands were conceded, the utmost scepticism prevailed as to the carrying out of this resolution. The organs of public opinion maintained that their zeal would be found to have effervesced before the hour of sacrifice arrived. The Government of the day was, it is believed, of the same opinion; and this was why no effective measures were taken to meet the necessities of the case.' Even the friends of the movement suspected that the disruption would be 'more respectable in character than in numbers.' When, therefore, the seceding ministers were seen issuing from St. Andrew's church in hundreds, accompanied by still larger numbers of elders—for the Church courts in Scotland are composed in equal numbers of ministers and laymen—the enthusiasm of the multitude knew no bounds. Some were too overcome with deeper emotions to applaud, but looked on with tear-filled eyes. Here and there a man or woman would rush out of the crowd and wring the hand of an acquaintance recognized among the seceders. All felt that they were looking upon a historical scene, in which human nature, and especially the character of the ministers of Christ, was vindicated. It is said that, when someone ran with the news to Lord Jeffrey that over four hundred ministers had come out, he started to his feet exclaiming, "I am proud of my country; this could not have taken place in any other country upon earth.' And another occupant of the bench, Lord Cockburn, wrote in his journal a few days later: 'I know no parallel to it. It is the most honorable fact for Scotland that its whole history supplies.'

It had not been intended to march in any imposing way from St. Andrew's church. But, as the members emerged, they were compelled by a narrow passage left between the masses of people on either side of the

DR DUFF.

Lillie Poser Aug 1893

street to form into rank; and the procession, three deep, extended for a quarter of a mile. It turned out of George street into Hanover street, and proceeded to Canonmills, a spot on the north of Edinburgh, where a hall, the galleries of which were crowded with spectators when the processionists arrived, had been provided for their reception. Here the Moderator at once constituted the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland Free in the usual way, and the court proceeded to business.

The first item on the card was the election of a new Moderator; and by acclamation the choice fell on Dr. Chalmers, who, appearing in the Moderator's robes, took his place in the chair. He rose to give out a psalm for singing, and chose one which is a great favorite in Scotland—Ps. xliii. 3. As the opening words rolled forth,

'Oh, send thy light forth and thy truth,
Let them be *guides to me*.'

the sun, which had been struggling all morning in a dim and doubtful sky, broke through the clouds and flooded the building with its beams. It was a cheerful omen; and many remembered the text of the sermon with which the great preacher had encouraged the hearts of his brethren in the previous year, when they had met to come to a momentous decision—'Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness.' The business of the Assembly proceeded day after day amidst much enthusiasm, but with order and dispatch. There was an enormous amount of it to do; for the whole mechanism of a Church had to be created out of nothing. But there were men of power in that Assembly equal even to the demands of such a crisis, and the genius of Dr. Chalmers had already called into existence the Sustentation Fund, which has ever since been the sheet-anchor of Free Church finance. On Tuesday, the names were adhibited to the Deed of Demission, by which four hundred and seventy ministers signed away a joint annual income of a hundred thousand pounds.

They were sustained by each other's presence and by the sense that the eyes of the world were on them while these public proceedings lasted. But far more trying to many must have been the days which immediately ensued, when they dispersed from the capital, and each man by himself, in the solitude of his own parish, bidding farewell to the house of prayer in which he had preached the gospel and to the manse which had been his home, had to step down from the position of parish minister and to face a lot of uncertainty which might turn out to be one of poverty. But it is the unanimous testimony that the temper of the time was not one of depression and despair, but the very reverse. Men were carried forward on a wave of enthusiasm, and their losses were sweetened with the sense that they were borne for Christ's sake. The truth is, the Disruption was an ecclesiastical movement following in the wake of a great spiritual revival, by which it was produced and of which it formed part.

It will not be denied at the present day that the flower of the Scottish church came out. The name of Chalmers alone would have dignified the secession. But only less conspicuous were Candlish, Cunningham and Guthrie. Among the laymen Hugh Miller, the geologist and journalist; Sir David Brewster, the scientist; Mr. Dunlop and Sheriff Graham Speirs, the lawyers, may be mentioned. Robert Murray McCheyne and the group around him, which included the Bonars, laid, perhaps, a firmer hold on the heart of the country than even the great ecclesiastics. Nothing helped more to justify the Disruption in the eyes of the Christian world than the fact that it was joined by the entire foreign mission staff of the Church of Scotland, with Dr. Duff at their head. 'We did not come out,' said Dr. Guthrie, as Moderator of the General Assembly in 1862, 'a small and scattered band; but, on the day of the Disruption, burst out of St. Andrew's church as a river bursts from a glacier—a river at its birth. In numbers, in position, in wealth, as well as in piety, our Church, I may say, was full-grown on the day it was born. We numbered our ministers by hundreds, our elders by thousands, and, our people by hundreds of thousands; and, with the representative of royalty, the high officers of the crown, and the population of a metropolis as spectators of the scene, we came out, if I may say so, with all the honors of war, carrying our arms, drums beating and colors flying—with the old flags of Bothwell Brig and Drumclog waving over our heads.'

Sympathy poured in from every side, in the form of admiration and sometimes in the more substantial form of money, to aid the enormous initial expense of erecting churches, manses, and schools. From Ireland, America, Holland, Switzerland, Prussia, and many other quarters came deputations and pilgrims to see and congratulate. Since then the stream of panegyric has never ceased to flow; and it would be easy, were it necessary, from the speeches and writings of the most distinguished persons to weave a chaplet of praise for the Free Church. But the moral splendor of the act of sacrifice has long ago passed beyond criticism, and the memory of the heroism of those who participated in it may be said to have gone out of the possession of a single denomination into the keeping of the Church Universal.

It is not the intention of this brief paper to follow the history since 1843. The contemporary policy of the Free Church is of course open to the criticism which is bestowed in abundance and not, let us hope, without salutary results on the proceedings of all branches of the Church. But the members of the Free Church, in this jubilee year, are thankful for the grace of God by which their Church has been enabled, during fifty years, not only to maintain its position in the country, but to bear a part in the great work of evangelizing the lapsed at home and the heathen abroad; and, in spite of their many shortcomings, they are hopeful that the ship of their Church's fortunes may still be steered into the unknown seas of the future by the wise Providence under whose auspices it was launched at the beginning. In 1843 the number of ordained ministers was 474, at present it is 1,122. The income of the Church has steadily risen from £300,000 per annum to over £600,000. The missionary income of the undivided Church in the seven years before the Disruption was £16,000 a year; that of the Free Church during the first seven years of its existence was £35,000 annually; and at present it averages about £100,000.

WHY DO THE OLDER SCHOLARS LEAVE?

BY L. SANDYS.

The question is often asked as to the best means of keeping the older scholars in the Sunday-school. I think the best way to answer this question is to look at the matter from another standpoint; namely, Why do the older scholars leave the school?

By way of illustration, take a new teacher who is given a class of little boys. Those boys grow to love, respect, and, above all, to trust their teacher. Her very appearance among them, with her Bible in her hand and words of counsel on her lips, has a power over them to lift their thoughts away from earthly things. To them she is different from any one else. They look up to her with something akin to reverence.

Now, we will suppose (as really was the fact in the case I have in mind) that her scholars were the children of fashionable parents, who took the first opportunity of introducing them to the world, and that at every entertainment they attended they met their Sunday-school teacher.

Well, did it make no difference? Could they feel the same reverence and trust in the gaily dressed girl who passed them in the dance or bent eagerly over the card-table as they had for the earnest, thoughtful teacher whom they had grown to love so dearly?

No. By one such meeting this teacher fell from a height in her scholar's estimation that she will never regain. She lost in that evening the influence that she had gained over them by years of patient teaching; and the scholars felt a keen disappointment, which they brooded over silently, realizing vaguely what they were ashamed to confess,—that they in their innocence had thought that what she was to them on Sunday she was in her everyday life.

But now they knew better, and, although she prepared her lesson as usual, and attended as regularly, they came to Sunday-school no more; for, with the keen perception of childhood (which she had lost) they saw the inconsistency of it, and naturally felt uncomfortable in her presence.

Now for the second instance. A young lady friend of mine kept her class together until they were about this age. She was a devoted teacher, very fond of her boys, and, although she had miles to come, never was absent except for some very grave reason. One day, to my amazement, she was alone. Not one of her scholars put in an appearance.

I, thinking it had only happened so, and by way of comforting her, pointed out, on our way home, how long they had continued coming, remarking that they were almost men.

'Why, yes,' she answered. 'I never realized it until last week. They were all at the ball. I danced with my Sunday-school boys nearly all night. It seemed so *funny*!"

Then I knew why her class was empty.

I tell you, fellow-teachers, that a religion which allows you to live for the world six days of the week, though you devote the seventh to God's service, has no power to hold the class together when they come to an age to see how little your teaching influences your own life. And a person is not fit to teach (though she may have the Bible-class of the school), who, after faithful attendance for years on the part of her scholars, has not grown to love them and the truth she teaches them sufficiently to make her willing to give up a few paltry, worldly amusements, in order to retain her influence for good over them.

And in conclusion, I repeat that there is nothing that will so tend to keep the older scholars in the Sunday school, and draw them back again if they leave it, as the consistent, godly life of the teachers.—*Sunday-School Times.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON IX.—AUGUST 27, 1893.

PAUL BEFORE AGRIPPA.—Acts 26: 19-32.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 22, 23.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Christ the power of God, and the wisdom of God.—1 Cor. 1: 24.

HOME READINGS.

M. Acts 25: 1-12.—Paul's Appeal to Cæsar.
T. Acts 25: 13-27.—Festus and Agrippa.
W. Acts 26: 1-18.—Paul Before Agrippa.
Th. Acts 26: 19-33.—Paul Vindicated.
F. Acts 9: 19-32.—Paul's Early Ministry.
S. Luke 21: 1-35.—Christ Risen Indeed.
S. Luke 24: 36-53.—The Promise of the Father.

LESSON PLAN.

I. Paul and his Preaching. vs. 19-23.
II. Paul and Festus. vs. 24-26.
III. Paul and Agrippa. vs. 27-32.

TIME.—August A.D. 60, two years after the last lesson; Nero emperor of Rome: Porcius Festus governor of Judea; Herod Agrippa II. king of Trachonitis, etc.

PLACE.—Cæsarea, forty-seven miles north-west of Jerusalem.

OPENING WORDS.

Paul was kept a prisoner at Cæsarea for two years. The Jews renewed their charges against him before Festus, the successor of Felix, but no crime was found against him. When Festus proposed to transfer the case to Jerusalem, Paul protested against this, and appealed to Cæsar. Herod Agrippa II., king of Chalcis, with his sister Bernice, visited Festus a few days after and Paul made the defence before him, a part of which is the subject of this lesson. He first spoke briefly of his early life and religious training, of the strictness of his Pharisaical observances and his hatred and persecution of the followers of Jesus. He then recounted the circumstances of his conversion and call to the apostleship, repeating the precise words of the Lord Jesus who appeared to him. Our lesson passage continues his defence from this point.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

22. Witnessing—testifying for Christ, according to his command. *23. Christ should suffer ....rise....show light*—these three points Paul constantly dwelt upon as clearly revealed in the Jewish Scriptures. *24. Thou art beside thyself*—Revised Version, 'Thou art mad.' *25. Soberness*—soundness of mind, the opposite of madness. 2 Cor. 5: 13. *26. Not done in a corner*—not in an obscure place, but openly in Jerusalem. *27. Believest thou*—implying that if he did, he must assent to the truth of what Paul had been uttering. *28. Almost thou persuadest*—Revised Version, 'with but little persuasion thou wouldest fain make me a Christian.' *29. Such as I am*—wholly devoted to Christ and his service. *30. They that sat with them*—the governor's council. *32. If he had not appealed unto Cæsar*—though innocent, he must be sent to Rome for final hearing.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—How long was Paul held a prisoner at Cæsarea? What new trial was given him? What did he say in defence? What did Festus propose? Who now visited Cæsarea? What account did Festus give Agrippa? What took place the next day? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. PAUL AND HIS PREACHING. vs. 19-23.—Before whom was Paul now speaking? What account did he give of his early life? Of his persecuting the disciples? Of his conversion? For what purpose did Jesus appear to him? What did Paul do? Where did he preach? What duties did he urge? Why did the Jews seek to kill him? From whom had he obtained help? To what had he borne testimony? What had the prophets said of Christ? What had they foretold about the Gentiles?

II. PAUL AND FESTUS. vs. 24-26.—What did Festus say to Paul? What did Paul reply? Who of those present knew the truth of what he said about Jesus? Why could not these things be hid from him?

III. PAUL AND AGRIPPA. vs. 27-32.—What appeal did Paul make to Agrippa? What did Agrippa reply? What did Paul then say? What followed this defence? What was Agrippa's decision about him?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. The Old Testament bears witness to the truth of the New.
2. Christ crucified is the great theme of the gospel.
3. One may believe the truth, and yet wholly reject it.
4. We may be very near the kingdom, and yet never get into it.
5. Faithful Christians may appeal to the record of their own lives.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. How did Paul obey the heavenly vision? Ans. He preached Jesus, first to the Jews, and then to the Gentiles.
2. Why did the Jews seek to kill him? Ans. Because he witnessed to the fulfilment in Jesus of what was foretold in the Scriptures.
3. What had the Scriptures said of Christ? Ans. They had foretold that Christ should suffer and be the first to rise from the dead, and should be the Saviour of both Jews and Gentiles.
4. What reply did Paul make to Festus? Ans. I am not mad, but speak the words of truth and soberness.
5. What did Agrippa decide concerning Paul? Ans. This man might have been set at liberty if he had not appealed unto Cæsar.

LESSON X.—SEPTEMBER 3, 1893.

PAUL SHIPWRECKED.—Acts 27: 30-44.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 42-44.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.'—Psalm 46: 1.

HOME READINGS.

M. Acts 27: 1-26.—Paul's Voyage.
T. Acts 27: 27-44.—Paul Shipwrecked.
W. Matt. 14: 22-36.—Christ in the Storm.
Th. Mark 4: 35-41.—Christ Stilling the Storm.
F. Psalm 89: 1-10.—The Ruler of the Storm.
S. Psalm 93: 1-5.—Mightier than the Waves.
S. Psalm 107: 21-35.—The Storm a Calm.

LESSON PLAN.

I. The Apostle's Help. vs. 30-38.
II. The Wreck of the Ship. vs. 39-41.
III. The escape of All on Board. vs. 42-44.

TIME.—About November A.D. 60: Nero emperor of Rome, Porcius Festus governor of Judea: Herod Agrippa II. king of Trachonitis.

PLACE.—St. Paul's Bay, in the island of Malta.

OPENING WORDS.

Soon after his defence before Agrippa, Paul, with other prisoners, was put in charge of Julius, a centurion of the Augustan cohort, and sent to Rome. The voyage and shipwreck are described in the chapter of which our lesson passage is a part. Study carefully the entire chapter.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

30. Let down the boat—which had been taken on deck at the beginning of the storm. See verse 16. *31. Except these abide in the ship*—the promise that all should be saved (verse 22) would be fulfilled in the use of means. The sailors must remain on board and do their work. *33. Taken nothing*—eaten no regular meal. *38. Lightened the ship*—that it might draw less water and be brought nearer the shore. *39. Creek with a shore*—Revised Version, 'bay with a beach.' *40. Taken up*—Revised Version, 'casting off the anchors, they left them in the sea.' *Loosed the rudder bands*—the paddle rudders, one on each side of the ship, like long oars, had been hoisted up and lashed. *41. A place*—the northern shore of St. Paul's Bay, as it is now called. *42. To kill the prisoners*—it was a capital offence for a Roman guard to let a prisoner escape. *44. All safe*—two hundred and seventy-six in number (verse 37). Thus Paul's threefold prediction (verses 22-26) was fulfilled: 1. They were wrecked upon an island; 2. The ship was lost; 3. The lives of all were saved.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What followed Paul's defence before Agrippa? At what places did they touch? What happened after they sailed from Crete? What cheering words did Paul speak? How did he know this? What did they find out on the fourteenth night? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. THE APOSTLE'S HELP. vs. 30-38.—What were the sailors about to do? What did Paul say to the centurion and soldiers? How were the sailors prevented from leaving the ship? What did Paul do at daybreak? How long had they been without their regular meals? What promise did Paul give? What example did he set? What did he do before eating? What effect had Paul's words and example? How many were there in the ship? What did they do after their meal?

II. THE WRECK OF THE SHIP. vs. 39-41.—What did they see at daybreak? What did they undertake to do? How? What was the result?

III. THE ESCAPE OF ALL ON BOARD. vs. 42-44.—What did the soldiers advise? Why did they give this advice? Why were the prisoners saved? How many persons escaped to land? How?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. Confidence in God gives peace in danger.
2. While we trust in God, we should work with all our powers.
3. Though we trust and work, our salvation is of God.
4. We should always take time to thank God for our food and all our mercies.
5. All Christ's people shall reach heaven: not one shall be lost.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What did Paul say when the sailors were about to leave the ship? Ans. Except these abide in the ship, ye cannot be saved.
2. How were the seamen kept from deserting the ship? Ans. The soldiers cut the ropes of the boat and let it drift away.
3. What did Paul do toward morning? Ans. He prevailed upon them all to take food, and assured them that they would be saved.
4. How many persons were there in the ship? Ans. Two hundred and seventy-six.
5. What was finally done? Ans. They ran the ship aground, and all safely escaped to land.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

PANTRY POINTS.

'Going to make cake, Nellie? then do let me see you do it, for mine is not successful at all; although I use your rules, somehow it is a failure, either too light and dry, or else plain, or falls, and my spirits with it." So my friend Mrs. Reed followed me into the pantry and settled herself to watch my operations. As others may have the same difficulties due to the same causes, I will give what she found to be helpful hints or new ideas. Her first exclamation of 'What is that for?' was while I was buttering the cake tins and dusting flour over the butter. I explained that cake would never stick if the pans were buttered in that way, and that any extra flour could be shaken off by turning the pan over and tapping it lightly and the flour is just as good to use again, also that the cake bakes better on the bottom.

'The second question was: 'What flour do you use, Nell?'

'Whatever kind the cook prefers for bread, but for pastry flour always get winter wheat; that is where so many people fail in both cake and pastry making. They use pastry flour, but do not know whether it is spring or winter wheat, even the grocers often do not know the difference; and yet there is all the difference possible. You cannot make light, rich, flaky pastry or good cake of spring wheat flour, remember that.'

While beating the eggs came the question: 'What do you do when the eggs won't froth nicely?' and for answer I dropped a minute pinch of salt into the bowl of eggs, and said: 'If it is for anything you cannot have salt in, put your eggs into the ice box an hour before you use them, but salt will help you when in a hurry; it cools the egg, I believe, anyway it helps it froth easily. Another thing let me tell you, when you want to whip cream, put a spoonful of sugar in the cream, and it will never turn into butter; I never have a bit of trouble whipping cream with my egg beater if the sugar is in, and it sweetens the cream just right.'

A little pause, and then, 'This is my rule for baking powder: Take a pint of sifted flour, one-half pound of cream-tartar, one-quarter pound of soda; stir it thoroughly, and then sift it three or four times, so that it is thoroughly mixed.'

When I came in with a cup of boiling water, the 'What's that for?' came again.

'To stone the raisins for me,' and dropping in the quantity I wanted, I let them stay a few minutes, then with a knife opened them, and the seeds almost fell out themselves.

'Well, that is a great idea. I always hated to stone raisins ever since I was a little girl. Let me try those, how lovely they are, not sticky at all. Down that goes,' Mrs. Reed commented.

Then she looked around the pantry, while I was in the kitchen, and inquired when I came in: 'What do you put your table legs in those cans for?'

'Precaution against ants. I don't have them, but some of my neighbors do, so terribly that their servants tell mine they have to get up earlier than usual to clean them out of everything before they can have breakfast. I prefer the "ounce of prevention" myself, and when the pantry is cleaned always put the legs of that table (that holds my sugar and cake boxes) into these tin cans—old fruit cans, you see—then fill the cans with water, renewing the water often, that makes an impassable moat for the ants. Then I put powdered borax on the window ledges, and the edge of each shelf, and never have a bit of trouble. See! my cake is done, and it will only take a few minutes to ice it, but it must cool first.'

'Why?'

'Oh, so that it will not break taking out of the pan; mother always does hers that way, so I do it, too—let it cool in the pan, then set it on the stove a minute, to let the heat loosen it from the tin, and it comes out beautifully. Mother always heats hers a little in the oven to make it frost (or ice), smoothly, unless she frosts it in the tin while it is hot; but I just put my icing on, and then smooth it with a knife dipped in hot water, and it looks well. Do you ever use confectioners' sugar for icing? I do, when short of eggs. You can use water instead of egg, you know. Some people make candy that way: I use egg for candy, but water does quite well for icing.'

As my friend left the pantry, she waved a little note book and said to me: 'Listen, Nell, under the heading "To make good cake" I have—"Use winter wheat pastry flour, use home-made baking powder, butter and then flour your tins; do not use paper. Use salt to make eggs froth, cool cake in tin and put on the stove to heat bottom of the cake to turn out nicely.

'The rest of the hints are somewhere else under their 'heads' but I see why my cake is not a success.'—*New York Observer.*

HOUSEHOLD DONT'S.

BY AN OLD HOUSEKEEPER.

Don't, to begin with, be extravagant. Wasting one's strength is the worst sort of extravagance. *Be a little lazy whenever* you can.

Don't forget to be careful in little things. There's no one for whom I feel sorrier than the hard working man whose wife keeps dropping his earnings into the leaky well of extravagance.

Don't forget that pennies make dimes and dimes dollars, and that by carefulness you can save a little fortune by the year's end.

Don't let soap lie in the water; don't leave dish-towels for mice to destroy; don't throw out water in which you have cooked meat without skimming off the grease for soap; don't throw out nice bits of meat that could be minced or fried with bread crumbs and an onion; don't leave the bread-pan with the bread sticking to it; don't let the piecrust you have left over sour before you use it: instead of that make some little tarts for tea. Don't throw away any food that could be warmed over—some things are better for their second cooking. Don't leave wooden or painted buckets near the stove to be ruined. Don't scrape kettles with good knives or with silver spoons. Don't let rust get so thick on your knife blades that brick-dust won't remove it. Don't let cream stand around in cups or the like to sour or mold. Don't forget to put the cork back in the molasses jug, or to cover the sugar keg. Don't omit to scald your milkpans and pitchers well once a day. Don't keep vinegar in tin, for both vinegar and tin to be spoiled. Don't keep garbage on hand until it sends its death warning through the house. Don't let vinegar weaken on your pickles, and don't let it eat them up. Don't let cheese mold—throw it out if you cannot use it up when fresh. Don't let bread grow musty—make it up before it grows past using into puddings and bread cakes. Don't throw out a bag of stale soft crackers; put them in a big shallow pan and let them get crisp again in a moderate oven. Don't burn old bones—make soup of them. Don't throw away your wood ashes—make lye to make soap of. Don't put your clothes on the line and leave them to the mercy of the winds. Don't dig with one side of your broom until it looks freakish, or use your best broom to scrub with. Don't kill yourself washing when a little washing powder or ammonia will help you so willingly. Don't use napkins or tablecloths to wipe dishes with —don't.

Don't let the ashes choke up your grate, and so burn it out; don't keep up a big fire in the range when you've no need of it. I have had domestics who kept a blazing fire from meal to meal with no use for it during the interim, because they were too lazy to build another fire; whole dollars fell into the bottomless pit in the buying of coal to keep up those fires. I'm wiser now.

Don't make beds too early in the morning. I'd rather be a little slow with bed-making than too smart. Don't sleep in a room without ventilation. Don't expect dishes to wash themselves—jump right at them and get them out of the way before it's time to set the table again. Don't neglect to put water into washtubs, pails, etc., between Mondays. Don't make yourself iron the day after you have washed. Rest for a day.

Don't awaken any one with a loud scolding or sudden pushings. Call softly and bring the wandering spirit back to its earthly tenement with caressing little pats and gentle tones. Don't find fault with anybody at meal time. I've partaken of breakfasts that were a torture to endure, of dinners that were horrible to remember, of suppers that were an agony. Don't spoil this pleasant vantage-ground, where good humor should preside, where joke and jests and merry gibes should rout all thought of anything unpleasant, where discord should find no foot-hold, and the dinner of herbs taste sweeter than the grumbler's stalled ox. Don't think you can bring the whole world to accept your views—don't be so idiotic as that—and don't borrow trouble.—*Christian at Work.*

SANDWICHES.

These dainty articles form such an important item in the menu of afternoon luncheons, suppers, picnic dinners, etc., that some new kinds make a welcome change, though one seldom grows tired of the well known *'ham-sandwich' if properly* prepared. To have a ham sandwich placed before you, with the bread nearly an inch thick, and torn in holes while being buttered, the ham, tough and in thick slices, with only a fork to eat it with makes you wonder how the seemingly impossible feat is to be accomplished.

For any kind of sandwiches, the bread should be twenty-four hours old. The crust should be shaved from the sides and ends of the loaf, leaving it nice and even. Each slice should be evenly spread with butter before it is cut, and it should not be more than the thickness of an ordinary square cracker. The ham should be boiled the day before and sliced as thin as possible. It cannot be too thin.

Chicken Sandwiches.—Chop tender, cold chicken fine, mix with cold gravy, and season nicely. Spread thin.

Cheese Sandwiches.—Grate one-fourth of a pound of cheese and mix with one-half teaspoonful of salt, pepper and mustard. Melt one tablespoonful of butter, and add one of vinegar. Spread thin.

Sardine Sandwiches.—These may be prepared as above, using sardines rubbed to a paste, instead of cheese, and leaving out the butter.

Egg Sandwiches.—Chop the whites of hard-boiled eggs very fine. Mash the yolks and mix with melted butter, pepper and salt. If not smooth enough, add thick cream.

Salmon Sandwiches.—Drain all the oil from canned salmon. Mash smooth, season, spread one slice, and before covering with the other squeeze lemon juice over it. A little oil may be added if it is too dry to spread nicely. All bits of skin and bone should be removed.

Chopped Ham Sandwiches.—Chop the ham fine as grated cheese. Add melted butter to make a paste, or butter and cream, mixed mustard, pepper and a little pickle. Beaten egg may be used instead of butter.

Nice bread-and-butter sandwiches may be made by putting crisp lettuce leaves between extremely thin slices of buttered bread, or use nasturtium leaves, young dandelion leaves, or pepper grass instead of lettuce.—*Housekeeper.*

THE IDEAL TRAVELLING SATCHEL.

How many women know how to pack a travelling bag properly—to pack it so that there will be a convenient place for everything, and so that things can be taken from their corners and replaced, without a complete upheaval and public exhibition of the contents? writes Edith Gray in a practical article on 'The Art of Packing a Satchel' in the June *Ladies' Home Journal.* The following method of packing a satchel has been found after many trials to be by far the most convenient arrangement of the small belongings which it is necessary to take on a railway or steamboat journey.

The ideal travelling satchel is the square-topped, wide-mouthed affair, which is fashionable at the present time, the inside covers of which have a strip of leather made into receptacles intended for the convenience of small articles, such as the button-hook, tooth-brush, nail file, scissors, etc. It contains two pockets at the ends, not at the sides, and can be made to hold quite a quantity of things. As a rule the receptacles in the strips of leather will hold a small button-hook and tooth-brush—the bristles of the latter should be protected by the small adjustable tin box sold for this purpose—a nail-file, glove-buttoner, stylographic pen, pair of scissors (to which a small ribbon bow of some bright color is tied, for easy identification), penknife and lead pencil with rubber sheath.

In one of the pockets place three or four extra pocket handkerchiefs, a second pair of gloves, an extra veil, and a small envelope of court-plaster, and in the other an envelope containing some postals, a couple of addressed envelopes, one or two telegraph blanks, and a few sheets of writing paper, or, better still, a small writing tablet with blotter. A stamp box, containing, with others, one or two special delivery stamps, should also be placed in this pocket. If the satchel is not provided with the before-mentioned strip, this pocket should contain also the pencil, penknife, and the stylographic pen in a secure case. In the other pocket drop the nail-file, button-hook, glove-buttoner and tooth-brush.

In the bottom of the bag place a light-weight (silk preferably), dark-colored Mother Hubbard wrapper, for use as a night robe on sleeping-cars, and a small towel. A toilet case made from a strip of linen with tying strings of ribbon or tape and plainly marked 'hair,' should contain brush, comb and a box of hairpins. A similar roll marked 'sewing,' should hold a needle case, well filled with coarse and fine needles, spools of black and white cotton, Nos. 40 and 60, small cushion stocked with black, white and safety pins, a bag with a few buttons, small scissors, and a celluloid thimble, the loss of which will not be regretted as would one of value. A soap box of tin or celluloid pays for itself in convenience many times. A sponge bag of oil-silk or of some rubber-lined material can either be purchased or made cheaply. A whisk brush should be adjustably fastened to the interior of the bag, and thus equipped the traveller is proof against dirt and disordered apparel.

Take also an inexpensive black folding fan, and a pair of rubber overshoes, wrapped in some dark cotton material.

TO COOL THE HOUSE.

A great source of heat in summer in almost every house is the kitchen range. The same amount of washing and ironing, and usually much more, is done than in winter, making these days of dread throughout all the summer. The same cooking is in progress, and frequently the added cooking of preserves and pickles. Some housewives are happy in the possession of a summer kitchen, and are thus enabled to keep their house cool, therefore do not need the following advice. If there is no such luxury, try by all means to have something to answer the purpose. A well-constructed shed, large enough to hold a stove and table, may surely be at the command of almost any housewife, and by its use the house will be relieved of the superabundant heat needed for washing, ironing and cooking. If these suggestions are carried out, they will ensure coolness and comfort, and, provided a house is well constructed as to its windows, so that there can be good ventilation, there will be no reason to dread the hot summer weather. —*Jennesa Miller.*

BED AND TABLE LINEN.

Sheets, pillow-cases, table-cloths, and napkins should not be hemmed until they have first been shrunken; but before the shrinking process, each one should be made into its proper length. If this is done, they will always fold evenly when ironed, which is not the case if made up without shrinking, or if shrunken in the piece, and then made into proper lengths. Sheets and pillow-cases should be torn by a thread; table-cloths and napkins should be cut by a thread.

RUBBER RINGS.

The rubber rings of preserve jars will recover their elasticity if soaked for a while in weak ammonia water. This is quite an item when canning is being done, and the rubber rings are found to be stretched out of shape.

A DAY TOO LATE.

I was thinkin' to-day of something
That happened years ago,
When we lived in Flower Alley
'That hadn't a flower to show).
Many might call it a trifle, and 'tis but a trifle, and yet
'Twas a lesson that I shall never, no never, never forget.

At the end of Flower Alley
There lived a poor old man;
Guffy—the children called him.
He was thin as my frying-pan,
Thin and shrivelled, an' shaky, an' poor as the poorest mouse,
And he lived alone in a garret at the top of a lodgin' house.

Nobody knew where he came from,
Nobody knew what he'd been;
He hadn't a relation
That any one had seen.
He used to sell nuts and apples under the station wall,
For that was just the distance the poor old chap could crawl.

Once he sat down on our doorstep
And I took him a cup of tea;
And after that beginnin'
He'd creep in occasionally,
And have a talk with the children. And I liked to listen too,
For bless you! he'd read his Bible, and knew it through an' through.

And he'd sit an' give a sermon
That splendid! text an' all—
That he might have been a Bishop
A' preachin' in St. Paul.
And then he'd take his basket. "Good night, my dears," he'd say—
"God bless you for your kindness"—and he'd slowly croop away.

One day 'twas in the winter,
Jim came in to his tea.
"Annie, the fog is dreadful,
It's as black as your hat," says he.
"I've been leadin' poor old Guffy; he couldn't find his door."
It strikes me with such weather he won't hold out much more.

I was grieved to hear Jim say so,
And the thought came—quick as light—
That I'd run down and see him
'Fore supper time that night.
And as our hens were layin', "I'll take him some eggs," thinks I,
"A real fresh egg for breakfast is what he might like to try."

The thought was kind and friendly,
And I know it came to me,
From the Lord of all that's Loving,
And Kind, and Neighborly;
But Jim got a-readin' the paper, and I got a-listenin' so
That by the time he'd finished 'twas too late for me to go.

The next day was a Friday.
I was busy as a bee,
For Jim is early Saturdays
And likes to find me free,
So I do my cleanin' Fridays. I was most run off my legs
And never gave a minute to Guffy and the eggs.

But early Saturday mornin'
I thought I'd go and see
How the old man was. Ah, clearly
That mornin' comes back to me!
The fog had gone, and the sunbeams were dancin overhead,
And when I reached the lodgin's . . . I heard that he was dead.

Dead! He had died o' Friday,
Alone, without a friend,
Without a neighbor near him
To help him at the end.
And me that lived so handy! . . . And he never, never knew
The thought I'd had about him, the kindness I meant to do.

There were the eggs in my basket,
Too late to do him good. . . .
I know I stood in the doorway
Like a stone, or a bit of wood,
While the women gossipped round me. I had nothing, nothing to say
Except . . . that I was . . . "sorry"!—and then I turned away.

* * * * *

Friends, in this world of hurry
And work and sudden end,
If a thought comes quick of doin
A kindness to a friend,
Do it that blessed minute. Don't put it off!
Don't wait!
What's the use of doin' a kindness if you do it a day too late?

JIM'S WIFE.

Good Words.

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.

BY ANNA D. WALKER.

What entertainment shall we give the children upon the Sabbath afternoon when the hours seem long and the children grow restless?

We would make it of the utmost importance that the hours should be spent religiously; we would teach the children that the Sabbath day is the Lord's day, not to be spent in our pleasures or in our ways, but in His service, especially.

We would take the time, for the most part to give our children an acquaintance with the Bible; the Bible gives understanding to the simple. More is it to be desired than gold, sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb. If it is so to be desired, if taught with discretion, it surely will not weary the children. For children eight, ten or twelve years old the history of the Creation, of the Fall, of the Flood, of the Patriarchs, of Moses, of different prophets and beings, etc., are things of great interest, and so almost any scene in the life of Christ. Here is a book, a mine of inexhaustible treasures to which we may lead the children's minds and yet always feel safe in what we are doing. We might have them read a passage and then ask to have difficulties explained or let them feel free to make comments upon the subjects read. You could give them a Bible story or passage to write out in their own words, or set them to write a list of questions upon the passage, or allow two of them to compare two accounts of the same matter. Abbot in his 'Young Christian' recommends these modes of study.

Another way to interest the children is to direct them to note in their own minds or with a pencil and paper little incidents that come up in their reading or in their lives during the six intervening days of the week, that may be interesting and profitable subjects for conversation or relation upon the Sabbath afternoon.

A pleasant and profitable half hour or more may be spent in holding a little prayer meeting, a children's prayer meeting, and teaching the little ones to take an active part in the service. Do you say that these methods are too passive to hold the interest of children? Not so, these methods are of genuine interest and highly profitable. Even very young children enjoy a Bible story or a children's prayer meeting.

At one time we were for a few months closely associated with a family of children, five in number, the eldest of whom was scarcely ten years of age. They were restless, wideawake creatures, always busy in mind and body, and their father, alas! would not allow his children to enter a church or a Sabbath school, saying and striving to make himself believe that while they were so young they were better without religious instruction, as children were apt to take up strange and incorrect ideas of their own in regard to these matters. And he, poor man, could not see what is so apparent to the thinking mind, that the children would necessarily fill their minds with some kind of food, and if the good was not provided they would feed upon the evil and hurtful food. We longed to help this precious little flock, and we bid them come to us in our room upon each Sabbath afternoon and we would have a pleasant time together, and stipulated that they should come at a stated hour.

When the children had agreed to our proposal, we were careful to have for these occasions a little treat provided, sometimes fruit, sometimes cake and sometimes candy.

Did the children come to us? Indeed they did, and so impatient were they for the hour of meeting that long before its arrival we would hear little taps upon our chamber door and childish trebles would say 'Is it time to come?' or 'May we come now?'

In our entertainments of these restless little spirits, this active brained flock, we kept strictly to religion, that is upon the Sabbath day. We would sing with them, give them a little reward for verses learned, allow them to show their powers of elocution, so long as they kept within the pale of religion, and they did know some Bible stories and religious poems which they, the older ones, had learned at school. We always prayed with them, and for the special lesson of the day gave them a Bible story, and strove to draw out the teaching it contained. Did they tire? no, they loved these Sabbath afternoons, and looked forward to them as the especial enjoyable time of the week.

We would then, as far as possible, interest the children upon the Sabbath afternoon with the Bible, and if rightly used the Bible will be a sufficient fund of amusement and instruction for the occasion, though we have no objections to other religious books, but do not believe in entertaining the children in the Holy Time outside of the commandment, which is of binding force for young and old, 'Let us not do evil that good may come.' The children can be kept happy and yet have constantly before them that the day belongs to the Lord.

It is an excellent thing to let them tell their childish difficulties which have occurred at home or in school, and we can so advise as to entertain while we are instructing the flock. A continued story works well; take one of the cities or characters of the Bible, and make the story long enough to continue for several Sabbaths.

The very little ones must have especial license given them, they will be restless, they will run about and play, but can be so under the religious influence that even they in their baby way will strive to keep the Sabbath. One little fellow was allowed to have a slate and pencil to amuse himself upon the Sabbath, with the injunction that he should make Sunday pictures, and when asked what he had made, answered with sweet seriousness 'Only just pictures of angels,' adding 'it isn't wicked to make pictures of angels on Sunday, is it?'—*Christian at Work.*

LAURA'S EXPERIENCE.

When Christine Wall's Uncle John was going back to New York, last summer, he said to her: 'Conx your father to bring you and Laura up to town some day. I will drive you out to the park, and we'll take luncheon at Blank's, naming a fashionable restaurant.'

Christine's eyes sparkled. 'That would be delightful! Indeed, we will come, uncle!'

The Wall girls had few amusements. Their father was a mechanic in a country town, with a limited income. But he was glad to bring any possible pleasure into their lives, and when he heard of his bachelor brother's invitation, he promised to take the girls in Christmas week, to New York for the day.

Just in time to see the city in its holiday dress, said Christine, laughing with delight.

'But what shall we wear?' asked Laura, anxiously.

'Our cloth dresses, of course,' said Christine.

'Impossible!' exclaimed Laura. 'Why all the fashionable women in New York go to Blank's, and what would they think of these brown frocks?'

'They would think nothing,' said Christine, 'and if they did it would not matter to us.' She went on quietly with her daily duties, keeping the thought of the day in New York to cheer her when she was tired.

But Laura was weighed down with anxiety. She consulted every fashionable paper within her reach; she had long consultations with the village dressmaker.

She and her sister were able to earn more or less money at certain seasons of the year, by doing work at home for a manufacturing establishment in town. So she felt at liberty to incur some extra expense in dress. After much thought and hesitation, she at last discovered that a certain color was in vogue in Paris. She bought a gown of it, which she had made in what she supposed was the extreme of the fashion, going in debt to the shopkeeper, the dressmaker and the milliner, for a new hat, gloves, shoes, and a fine umbrella carried the bills up to a height which it terrified her to think upon.

'But it would be impossible to appear among fashionable people in New York, unfashionably dressed,' she said.

'I do not see why,' said Christine calmly.

When the eventful day arrived, and the girls with their father entered the great room at Blank's, their Uncle John glanced at Christine's plain brown gown and hat with a pleasant smile. He knew nothing of details, but he saw that the dress was neat and becoming.

They passed to their table. Christine was delighted with the pretty room, delicate dishes, the gay groups around her; but Laura could enjoy nothing, so great was her astonishment and chagrin. Not an eye rested on her or her gown. These people were all too busy with their own meals or companions to notice her.

The waiter, indeed, who served her like an automaton, observed her dress, and thought it loud and vulgar. But fortunately, Laura did not know that. The day was one of continued bitter mortifications to her. When she went home, her useless finery remained, and with it a load of debt which proved a burden of misery to her for months.

When at last it was paid, she said to her sister, with a laugh which was not far from tears, 'Ah, Christine, how much worry and anxiety and money would be saved to a girl if she only knew in the beginning how insignificant a place she holds in the world!'

The lesson of our own insignificance is a bitter and hard one, which some men and women never learn. But those who do find that it greatly simplifies the conditions of life and lifts them above all petty anxiety, envy and jealousy.

The poor in spirit reach even in this world the peace of the kingdom of heaven. —*Rebecca Harding Davis, in The Household.*

CIVILITY AT SEA.

An American steamer anchored off the port of Nassau early one morning and transferred all her passengers who wished to go ashore, with one exception, to a steam tender. The exception was a traveller who had not heard on the previous night the warning that every one who wished to go ashore for the morning must be on deck by six o'clock. He appeared upon the scene a moment after the tender had cast off.

His fellow-passengers waved their handkerchiefs and laughed at him. The captain undertook to discipline him roughly.

'There is always one fool left behind!' he shouted angrily. 'You didn't know enough to get up when I warned you it would be your only chance of going ashore.'

'But I received no warning!' meekly answered the traveller.

This protest called out a volley of oaths from the captain. The traveller bristled in his turn.

'It is my misfortune to be left behind,' he said. 'But it is not a brave officer who abuses a passenger for his hard luck. I have travelled under many flags, and I am sorry that the first captain to treat me with discourtesy should be an American.'

Before half an hour had passed a sailboat ran in close to the steamer, and in response to a signal from the passenger carried him ashore. Soon after he turned the tables upon the captain and the passengers.

He had letters of introduction to present to the Governor of the Bahamas, and was hospitably received by him. When pressed to remain over night he explained that the steamer was to sail at one o'clock for Cuba. The governor turned to his secretary.

'Tell the agent that the steamer must not sail until he hears from me,' was the order.

Then the governor explained to his guest that by virtue of a mail subsidy he could detain the ship for twenty-four hours. 'You can stay over night and get off in the morning,' he added.

It was a complete reversal of conditions. At sunrise the traveller had been alone on the ship, looking regretfully after his fellow-passengers who were on their way to the shore. At noon they were back on the steamer, and he was on shore, holding the ship for his own convenience with the governor's permission.

The traveller, however, was merciful to the captain. He did not detain the steamer longer than six hours, and returned to it at nightfall to meet the captain's flashing eye.

'Always behind time!' exclaimed the martinet. 'You've kept all hands waiting since noon.'

'Long enough, I hope,' was the cool reply, 'for you, sir, to learn that civility should be one of the rules of the sea, and that the use of abusive language may be at least—injudicious.'

HANNAH WHITALL SMITH.

Christians in many lands have learned to look eagerly for anything coming from the pen of 'H. W. S.' Wearers of the white ribbon know well of Hannah Whitall Smith's Bible readings and of her hearty devotion to the cause of temperance. Thousands in England and America have listened to her eloquent public addresses, and remember her tall figure, her clear voice, and her serene face. She is claimed on both sides of the ocean, especially now that for six years she has made London her home, since her daughter married an English lawyer.

Few among the beautifu..omes that she has entered have been more charming than the one whose refinement, perfect ordering, and hearty cheer her own guests have enjoyed. She was married to Robert Pearsall Smith, who like his wife has been widely known. He became a member of the firm of which Mrs. Smith's brother was the head. The way in which the family carried their principles into business is illustrated by the fact that at their factory in New Jersey, one of the largest glass factories in the world, no orders were accepted for anything intended to hold intoxicating drink.

The simplicity that is so characteristic of Mrs. Smith is shown not merely by the outward signs of garb and speech that tell of Quaker parentage and a home in the Quaker City, but by her whole life. It is evangelistic work to which she gives herself most heartily, and she is greatly interested in the training of women for this work. The audiences that are drawn to hear her equal in numbers those attracted by the most noted preachers. The truths that she presents are the leading subjects of conversation in the home; but she cannot be persuaded to talk of her addresses. One day, when she was speaking to a company of hop-pickers, her son and daughter, college students, followed eagerly to the barn, and afterwards said, 'We came because we would sooner hear mother preach than any other sermon.' Yet when she was questioned at home as to what she talked about at any one of her meetings, 'Goodness, my child,' was the unvarying answer. Important as is her work, those nearest her are reminded of it rather by her life than by her words. In every matter, too, the comfort and pleasure of others she puts before her own.

Such self-forgetfulness has its natural reward. The book by which Mrs. Smith is best known, a book that has been translated into many languages, Russian among others, tells of the secret of a happy life, on which the author is fully qualified to speak. From her father, 'the best loved merchant of Philadelphia,' she inherited a joyous disposition; but her happiness is due to more than temperament. The story of her son's brief life is well summed up as 'the record of a happy life,' and a beautiful picture it gives of a cheery household. In that household a few merry young people once formed a little circle for the promotion of fun; and quite in keeping with the spirit of the home was the constitution that they adopted, one article of which was, 'Be it enacted that we never grow old in feeling ourselves, nor ever permit any one else to do so.' Mrs. Smith's children were also the associates and friends of their mother. They were trained to think and decide for themselves: and they soon learned the source of their parent's cheer in the perfect trust into which they had gradually been led. Mrs. Smith has not been spared sore afflictions, but has been kept in peace nevertheless. Not only as the result of her study of the Bible, but as a fruit of experience, she says, 'All my needs, and all my perplexities, and all my sorrow are met and answered by the fact of God. Not anything from him, nor anything for him, but he himself, the God who is revealed to us in the face of Jesus Christ. He is the one universal answer and solvent of every need. . . . "God is" gives perfect peace in everything.'—*Golden Rule.*

REV. B. FAY MILLS'S SPIRITUAL BIRTHPLACE.

At the close of the last of the afternoon meetings in the First Congregational Church, San Francisco, Mr. Mills laid his hand on my arm, saying: 'Now I am going to visit my birthplace.'

Mrs. Mills joined us at the door and we walked to the house, No. 7 Mason street, only a few blocks from the church. This was the spot where seventeen years ago he gave his heart to God. The talk on the way was reminiscent.

'With an aching heart, said he, 'I often walked this street wishing that some one would speak to me about my soul. I attended church, but no one in this city ever said a word to me on the subject of my salvation.'

As we approached the house near Market street, he said:

'I'm going to bring my old friend in and introduce him to you,' addressing both Mrs. Mills and myself; 'or,' he added with a smile, 'shall I take you into his saloon and introduce you there?'

The saloon-keeper with whom Mr. Mills associated as a boon companion in those days of sin is still in business 'at the old stand,' next door to where Mr. Mills had his room. Mr. Mills called upon him soon after coming to the city in July, to invite him to the meetings and to urge him to give his heart to God, and, indeed, he did attend many of the meetings, but without further result so far as is known. True to his word, Mr. Mills left us at the step, went into the saloon, and in

HANNAH WHITALL SMITH.

a minute re-appeared leading the saloon-keeper, Mr. Hough by the arm, whom he introduced as:

'My old friend, of whom I have told you. We were often together seventeen years ago, and now I want him to give his heart to God.' Mr. Hough smilingly said:

'Yes, we were often together. I never expected in those days that you would be a preacher.'

The lady of the house welcomed us, and for a little time we chatted in the parlor. Then upon learning Mr. Mills' desire to revisit the room where he gave his heart to God, she cheerfully assented, and permitted him to lead the way. We found it to be a very small bedroom at the front end of the hall, on the second floor. There was just room for us, but there was not room for chairs for all and Mr. Mills chose to sit on the bed, remarking:

'This is the most sacred spot on earth to me.' Then he turned with tender entreaty to his former companion to give his heart to God, saying:

'Come, John, this also may be the place of your birth into the kingdom.' It was a scene not soon to be forgotten, as the evangelist of world-wide fame and vast successes, sat there pleading with one whom he had known in sin to surrender to God. But the saloon had been left with no one to care for it, and presently the owner hastily arose and excused himself, saying that there was 'no one to look after the business.'

Then Mr. Mills told us the story of his conversion, in the room where it occurred. He had been gambling and had won a large sum of money—'enough to pay all my debts and some over'—and had started for the door with the intention of leaving the place while he could carry his winnings away with him. While his hand was on the latch, someone called to him and asked the loan of a small sum. Mr. Mills consented, handed him the money and turned back to watch the new game. He soon became interested, took a hand himself, and in a short time had lost every cent. This time, as he arose to go, no one called him back. He had nothing that he could lend. Utterly hopeless and dejected, he sought his room determined to end his life by his own hand.

Arriving at his room, he did not immediately set about the execution of his purpose, but flung himself upon his bed in utter despair. As he did so, the head of the bed was jarred, and shook a book-shelf which was just above it, and a book fell from it upon Mr. Mills' head. In anger he seized the book and threw it into the farthest corner of the room. But even in the darkness he recognized the volume, in touching it, as a book of Psalms which had been given him by his brother. Chiding himself for having so abused the gift of brotherly affection, he arose and felt for the book until he found it. It was open, and retaining the place, he was seized with a strong desire to see what he could find on the open page. He lighted the gas, and found his thumb at this verse of the 42rd Psalm: 'Why are thou cast down, O my soul, and why are thou disquieted in me? Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance.'

Trembling with emotion as though God had spoken the words especially to him, he said aloud: 'Can this be for me? Shall I yet praise God?' Then there arose before him the vision of the praying mother who was more than three thousand miles away; but in such hours distance is nothing. Memory claimed its own. The godly training of his childhood massed all its forces in that great decisive moment of a great soul, and swept over him with tidal power. With a commingling cry of 'O Mother! O God! shall it ever be that I shall yet praise thee? My soul is cast down and disquieted in me, thou knowest. May I yet hope in God? Is there hope for me? Then I will begin to hope now, and I will praise thee now and here.' Suiting the action to the word, he fell upon his knees by the bed and began to pour out his soul to God. Before he rose from that prayer 'the work was done.'

It was an experience to kneel with this chosen servant of God at the bedside, on the very spot where he was translated out of the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of God's dear Son. The substance and much of the exact wording of his prayer, I shall remember always. As constituting part of a most valuable chapter in the spiritual history of one whom God has so greatly honored in the salvation of thousands, I wrote out the prayer immediately after we separated. I had not at that time any expectation of giving it to the public for some time to come, if ever. But the sensational newspaper account of this incident which has already appeared, would seem to justify its publication as the best possible illustration of the spirit and intention of what actually transpired, when, after the lapse of seventeen years, Mr. Mills re-visited the scene of his spiritual birth. It is not without the hope that God may use the incident and the words of the touching prayer, that I have consented, in response to the request of the editor of *The Pacific*, to give them publicity. Here is the prayer.

'O God, I thank thee for the privilege of coming back to this sacred place, where I gave my life to thee, and where thy mercy was revealed in washing away my sins. When I was on the verge of despair, looking into the very blackness of darkness, thou didst reach out thy hand and save me. I might have been a lost soul in hell to-day, but for thy saving mercy; and now I thank thee that thou didst spare me, and that I am permitted to come back here having all that can be dear to the heart of man! Thou hast forgiven my sins and I will not ask thee again to forgive them, but I will thank thee to all eternity that thou hast forgiven them. Bless our friend who has received us with such kind hospitality, and my old friend of the former years who was just here. Touch his heart, if it be possible, Lord, that he may give it to thee, and may give up that miserable business. Bless all those whom my life in sin here used to touch, and cause as far as possible, that no evil influence of mine may prevail or be remembered to the injury of any soul. O God, I have given myself to thee. I can do no more, except to renew the gift; and I do here and now Almighty God, to the last drop of my blood, give myself, soul and body to thee, to be used in thy service. Do with me whatsoever pleaseth thee. I thank thee for a Christian mother whose influence from afar reached me in this sacred place. Eternity will be too short, O God, to praise thee for all thy mercies to me. May I go forth from this place, and may these who bow with me go forth newly baptized of the Holy Ghost for service. In thy name, Jesus Christ, our Lord, we ask it. Amen.'

When we think of the thousands who have recently given their hearts to God in this city under Mr. Mills' ministry, of the more than six thousand who have joined the evangelical churches of this coast, as a result of his labors since last March, of the many more thousands throughout the land who will thank God in eternity that they knew him, we can see why a kind Providence did not permit him to go forth that night a successful gambler, to pay his debts with the earnings of the gambling table, and to thus take his departure from the city under such circumstances and with such impulses as would have probably led to the continuance of that kind of a life elsewhere. God had something better in store for B. Fay Mills.—*Dr. C. O. Brown, in the Pacific.*

How Oft by ways not understood,
Out of each dark vicissitude,
Doth God bring compensating good!
So faith is perfected by fears,
And souls renew their youth with years,
And love looks into heaven through tears.

NEEDLESS.

"Oh, I'm going to name this big daisy
And I know whose dear name it will be;
'Twill be some one I love very dearly,
I'll see if he really loves me."

So the plump, little, dimpled pink fingers
Began tearing the petals away,
While her rosy lips tried hard to murmur
The words she had heard others say.

"These, 'he loves me,'—oh dear, what a bother,
I have pulled off a lot,—that won't do,
I must pull off each petal quite slowly,
But one at a time till I'm through.

"No, I never will take all that trouble,
For what nonsense the whole thing must be,
Just as if I could need any daisy
To tell that my papa loves me."

—*Elizabeth B. Cumins, in Youth's Companion.*

THE STORY OF A SHORT LIFE.

BY JULIANA HORATIA EWING.

CHAPTER XI.—*(Continued.)*

The third Collect was just ended, and a prolonged and somewhat irregular Amen was dying away among the choir, who were beginning to feel for their hymn-books.

The lack of precision, the "dropping-shots" style in which that Amen was delivered, would have been more exasperating to the kapellmeister, if his own attention had not been for the moment diverted by anxiety to know if the V. C. remembered that the time had come.

As the chaplain gave out the hymn, the kapellmeister gave one glance of an eye, as searching as it was sombre, round the corner of that odd little curtain which it is the custom to hang behind an organist; and this sufficing to tell him that the V. C. had not forgotten, he drew out certain very local stops, and bending himself to manual and pedal, gave forth the popular melody of the "Tug-of-War Hymn" with a precision indicative of a resolution to have it sung in strict time, or know the reason why.

And as nine hundred and odd men rose to their feet with some clatter of heavy boots and accoutrements the V. C. turned quietly out of the crowded church, and stood outside upon the steps, bareheaded in the sunshine of St. Martin's little summer, and with the tiniest of hymn-books between his finger and thumb.

Circumstances had made a soldier of the V. C., but by nature he was a student. When he brought the little hymn-book to his eyes to get a mental grasp of the hymn before he began to sing it, he committed the first four lines to an intelligence sufficiently trained to hold them in remembrance for the brief time that it would take to sing them. Involuntarily his active brain did more, and was crossed by a critical sense of the crude, barbaric taste of childhood, and a wonder what consolation the suffering boy could find in these gaudy lines:

"The Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood red banner streams afar;
Who follows in His train?"

But when he brought the little hymn-book to his eyes to take in the next four lines, they startled him with the revulsion of a sudden sympathy: and lifting his face towards the barrack-master's hut, he sang—as he rarely sang in drawing-rooms, even words the most felicitous to melodies the most sweet—sang not only to the delight of dying ears, but so that the kapellmeister himself heard him and smiled as he heard:

"Who best can drink His cup of woe
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears His cross below,
He follows in his train."

. . . . . .

On each side of Leonard's bed, like guardian angels, knelt his father and mother. At his feet lay The Sweep, who now and then lifted a long, melancholy nose and anxious eyes.

At the foot of the bed stood the barrack-master. He had taken up this position at the request of the master of the house, who had avoided any further allusion to Leonard's fancy that their Naseby ancestor had come to Asholt camp, but had begged his big brother-in-law to stand there and blot out Uncle Rupert's ghost with his substantial body.

But whether Leonard perceived the ruse, forgot Uncle Rupert, or saw him all the same, by no word or sign did he ever betray.

Near the window sat Aunt Adelaide, with her prayer-book, following the service in her own orderly and pious fashion, sometimes saying a prayer aloud at Leonard's bidding, and anon replying to his oft-repeated inquiry: "Is it the third Collect yet, aunty dear?"

She had turned her head, more quickly than usual, to speak, when, clear and strenuous on vocal stops, came the melody of the "Tug-of-War Hymn."

"There! There it is! Oh, good kapellmeister! Mother dear, please go to the window and see if the V. C. is there, and wave your hand to him. Father dear, lift me up a little, please. Ah, now I hear him! Good V. C.! I don't believe you'll sing better than that when your promoted to be an angel. Are the men singing pretty loud? May I have a little of that stuff to keep me from coughing, mother dear? You know I am not impatient; but I do hope, please God, I shan't die till I've just heard them tug that verse once more!"

. . . . . .

The sight of Lady Jane had distracted the V. C.'s thoughts from the hymn. He was singing mechanically, when he became conscious of some increasing pressure and irregularity in the time. Then he remembered what it was. The soldiers were beginning to tug.

In a moment more the organ stopped, and the V. C. found himself, with over three hundred men at his back, singing without accompaniment, and in unison:

"A noble army—men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around their Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of white arrayed."

The kapellmeister conceded that verse to the shouts of the congregation; but he invariably reclaimed control over the last.

Even now, as the men paused to take breath after their "tug," the organ spoke again, softly but seraphically, and clearer and sweeter above the voices behind him rose the voice of the V. C., singing to his little friend:

"They climbed the steep ascent of heaven.
Through peril, toil, and pain"—

The men sang on; but the V. C. stopped as if he had been shot. For a man's hand had come to the barrack-master's window and pulled the white blind down.

CHAPTER XII.

"He that hath found some fledged-bird's nest may know
At the sight, if the bird be flown;
But what first dell or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown."

HENRY VAUGHAN.

TRUE to its character as an emblem of human life, the camp stands on, with all its little manners and customs, whilst the men who garrison it pass rapidly away.

Strange as the vicissitudes of a whole generation elsewhere, are the changes and chances that a few years bring to those who were stationed there together.

To what unforeseen celebrity (or to a dropping out of one's life and even hearsay that once seemed quite as little likely) do one's old neighbors sometimes come! They seem to pass in a few drill seasons as other men pass by lifetimes. Some to foolishness and forgetfulness, and some to fame. This old acquaintance to unexpected glory; that dear friend—alas!—to the grave. And some—God speed them!—to the world's end and back, following the drum till it leads them home again, with familiar faces little changed—with boys and girls, perchance, very greatly changed—and with hearts not changed at all. Can the last parting do much to hurt such friendships between good souls, who have so long learnt to say farewell; to love in absence, to trust through silence, and to have faith in reunion?

The barrack-master's appointment was an unusually permanent one; and he and his wife lived on in Asholt camp, and saw regiments come and go, as O'Reilly had prophesied, and threw out additional rooms and bow-windows, and took in more garden, and kept a cow on a bit of government grass beyond the stores, and—with the man who did the rods, the church orderly, and one or two other public characters—came to be reckoned among the oldest inhabitants.

George went away pretty soon with his regiment. He was a good, straightforward young fellow, with a dogged devotion to duty, and a certain provincialism of intellect, and general John Bullishness, which he inherited from his father, who had inherited it from his country forefathers. He inherited equally a certain romantic, instinctive, and unmovable high-mindedness, not invariably characteristic of much more brilliant men.

He had been very fond of his little cousin, and Leonard's death was a natural grief to him. The funeral tried his fortitude, and his detestation of "scenes," to the very uttermost.

Like most young men who had the honor to know her, George's devotion to his beautiful and gracious aunt, Lady Jane, had had in it something of the nature of worship; but now he was almost glad he was going away, and not likely to see her face for a long time, because it made him feel miserable to see her, and he objected to feeling miserable both on principle and in practice. His peace of mind was assailed, however, from a wholly unexpected quarter, and one which pursued him even more abroad than home.

The barrack-master's son had been shocked by his cousin's death; but the shock was really and truly greater when he discovered, by chance gossip, and certain society indications, that the calamity which left Lady Jane childless had made him his uncle's presumptive heir. The almost physical disgust which the discovery that he had thus acquired some little social prestige produced in this subaltern of a marching regiment must be hard to comprehend by persons of more imagination and less sturdy independence, or by scholars in the science of success. But man differs widely from man, and it is true.

He had been nearly two years in Canada when "the English mail" caused him to fling his fur cap into the air with such demonstrations of delight as greatly aroused the curiosity of his comrades, and, as he bolted to his quarters without further explanation than "Good news from home!" a rumor was for some time current that "Jones had come into his fortune."

Safe in his own quarters, he once more applied himself to his mother's letter, and picked up the thread of a passage which ran thus:

"Your dear father gets very impatient, and I long to be back in my hut again and see after my flowers, which I can trust to no one since O'Reilly took his discharge. The little conservatory is like a new toy to me, but it is very tiny, and your dear father is worse than no use in it, as he says himself. However, I can't leave Lady Jane till she is quite strong. The baby is a noble little fellow and really beautiful—which I know you won't believe, but that's because you know nothing about babies; not as beautiful as Leonard, of course—that could never be—but a fine, healthy, handsome boy, with eyes that do remind one of his darling brother. I know, dear George, how greatly you always did admire and appreciate your aunt. Not one bit too much, my son. She is the noblest woman I have ever known. We have had a very happy time together, and I pray it may please God to spare this child to be the comfort to her that you are and have been to

"Your loving MOTHER."

(To be Continued.)

THE LORD'S DAY.

(From the German.)

Speaketh thus the Lord of Heaven,
"In each week that days are seven,
Six of these to thee are granted,
Work to do as may be wanted,
But the seventh belongs to me.
Then will I instruct you duly
How to serve and please me truly,
How as pure and good to be."
Dearest child, forget it not,
What the Lord of heaven hath taught!

—*Boston Budget.*

THE STORY OF A SHORT LIFE.

BY JULIANA HORATIA EWING.

CHAPTER XII.—*(Continued.)*

This was the good news from home that had sent the young subaltern's fur cap into the air, and that now sent him to his desk; the last place where, as a rule, he enjoyed himself. Poor scribe as he was, however, he wrote two letters then and there: one to his mother, and one of impetuous congratulations to his uncle, full of messages to Lady Jane.

The master of the house read the letter more than once. It pleased him.

In his own way he was quite as unworldly as his nephew, but is was chiefly from a philosophic contempt for many things that worldly folk struggle for, and a connoisseurship in sources of pleasure not purchasable except by the mentally endowed, and not even valuable to George, as he knew. And he was a man of the world, and a somewhat cynical student of character.

After the third reading he took it, smiling, to Lady Jane's morning-room, where she was sitting, looking rather pale, with her fine hair "coming down" over a tea-gown of strange tints of her husband's choosing, and with the new baby lying in her lap.

He shut the door noiselessly, took a footstool to her feet, and kissed her hand.

"You look like a Romney, Jane,—an unfinished Romney, for you are too white. If you've got a headache, you shan't hear this letter, which I know you'd like to hear."

"I see that I should. Canada postmarks. It's George."

"Yes, it's George. He's uproariously delighted at the advent of this little chap."

"Oh, I knew he'd be that! Let me hear what he says."

The master of the house read the letter. Lady Jane's eyes filled with tears at the tender references to Leonard, but she smiled through them.

"He's a dear, good fellow."

"He is a dear good fellow. It's a most *borne* intellect, but excellence itself. And I'm bound to say," added the master of the house, driving his hands through the jungle of his hair, "that there is a certain excellence about a soldier when he is a good fellow that seems to be a thing *per se*."

After meditating on this matter for some moments, he sprang up and vigorously rang the bell.

"Jane, you're terribly white; you can bear nothing. Nurse is to take that brat at once, and I'm going to carry you into the garden."

Always much given to the collection and care of precious things, and apt also to change his fads and to pursue each with partiality for the moment, the master of the house had, for some time past, been devoting all his thoughts and his theories to the preservation of a possession not less valuable than the paragon of Chippendale chairs, and much more destructible—he was taking care of his good wife.

Many family treasures are lost for lack of a little timely care and cherishing, and there are living "examples" as rare as most bric-a-brac, and quite as perishable.

Lady Jane was one of them, and after Leonard's death, with no motive for keeping up, she sank into a condition of weakness so profound that it became evident that, unless her failing forces were fostered, she would not long be parted from her son.

Her husband had taken up his poem again, to divert his mind from his own grief; but he left it behind and took Lady Jane abroad.

Once roused, he brought to the task of coaxing her back to life an intelligence that generally ensured the success of his aims, and he succeeded now. Lady Jane got well; out of sheer gratitude, she said.

Leonard's military friends do not forget him. They are accustomed to remember the absent.

With the death of his little friend the V. C. quits these pages. He will be found in the pages of history.

The kapellmeister is a fine organist, and a few musical members of the congregation, of all ranks, have a knack of lingering after evensong at the iron church to hear him "play away the people." But on the Sunday after Leonard's death the congregation rose and remained *en masse* as the "Dead March from Saul" spoke in solemn and familiar tones the requiem of a hero's soul.

Blind Baby's father was a Presbyterian, and disapproved of organs, but he was a fond parent, and his blind child had heard tell that the officer who played the organ so grandly was to play the "Dead March" on the Sabbath evening for the little gentleman that died on the Sabbath previous, and he was wild to go and hear it. Then the service would be past, and the kapellmeister was a fellow-Scot, and the house of mourning has a powerful attraction for that serious race, and for one reason or another Corporal Macdonald yielded to the point of saying, "Aweel, if you're a gude bairn, I'll tak' ye to the kirk door, and ye may lay your lug at the chink, and hear what ye can."

But when they got there the door was open, and Blind Baby pushed his way through the crowd, as if the organ had drawn him with a rope, straight to the kapellmeister's side.

It was the beginning of a friendship much to Blind Baby's advantage, which did not end when the child had been sent to a blind school, and then to a college where he learnt to be a tuner, and "earned his own living."

Poor Jemima fretted so bitterly for the loss of the child she had nursed with such devotion, that there was possibly some truth in O'Reilly's rather complicated assertion that he married her because he could not bear to see her cry.

He took his discharge, and was installed by the master of the house as lodge-keeper at the gates through which he had so often passed as "a tidy one."

Freed from military restraints, he became a very untidy one indeed, and grew hair in such reckless abundance that he came to look like an orang-outang with an unusually restrained figure and exceptionally upright carriage.

He was the best of husbands every day in the year but the seventeenth of March; and Jemima enjoyed herself very much as she boasted to the wives of less handy civilians that "her man was as good as a woman about the house, any day." (Any day, that is, except the seventeenth of March.)

With window-plants cunningly and ornamentally enclosed by a miniature paling and gate, as if the window-sill were a hut garden; with colored tissue-paper flycatchers made on the principle of barrack-room Christmas decorations; with shelves, brackets, Oxford frames, and other efforts of the decorative joinery of O'Reilly's evenings; with a large hard sofa, chairs, elbow-chairs, and antimacassars; and with a round table in the middle,—the Lodge parlor is not a room to live in, but it is almost bewildering to peep into, and curiously like the shrine of some departed saint, so highly framed are the photographs of Leonard's lovely face and so numerous are his relics.

The fate of Leonard's dog may not readily be guessed.

The gentle reader would not deem it unnatural were I to chronicle that he died of a broken heart. Failing this excess of sensibility, it seems obvious that he should have attached himself immovably to Lady Jane, and have lived at ease and died full of dignity in his little master's ancestral halls. He did go back there for a short time, but the day after the funeral he disappeared. When word came to the household that he was missing and had not been seen since he was let out in the morning, the butler put on his hat and hurried off with a beating heart to Leonard's grave.

But The Sweep was not there, dead or alive. He was at that moment going at a sling trot along the dusty road that led into the camp. Timid persons, imperfectly acquainted with dogs, avoided him; he went so very straight, it looked like hydrophobia; men who knew better, and saw that he was only "on urgent private matters," chaffed him as they passed, and some with little canes and horseplay waylaid and tried to intercept him. But he was a big dog, and made himself respected, and pursued his way

His way was to the barrack-master's hut.

The first room he went into was that in which Leonard died. He did not stay there three minutes. Then he went to Leonard's own room, the little one next to the kitchen, and this he examined exhaustively, crawling under the bed, snuffling at both doors, and lifting his long nose against hope to investigate impossible places, such as the top of the military chest of drawers. Then he got on to the late general's camp-bed and went to sleep.

He was awakened by the smell of bacon frying for breakfast, and he had breakfast with the family. After this he went out, and was seen by different persons at various places in the camp, the general parade, the stores, and the iron church, still searching.

He was invited to dinner in at least twenty barrack-rooms, but he rejected all overtures till he met O'Reilly, when he turned round and went back to dine with him and his comrades.

He searched Leonard's room once more, and not finding him, he refused to make his home with the barrack-master; possibly because he could not make up his mind to have a home at all till he could have one with Leonard.

Half a dozen of Leonard's officer friends would willingly have adopted him, but he would not own another master. Then military dogs are apt to attach themselves exclusively either to commissioned or to non-commissioned soldiers, and The Sweep cast in his lot with the men, and slept on old coats in corners of barrack-rooms, and bided his time. Dogs' masters do get called away suddenly and come back again. The Sweep had his hopes, and did not commit himself.

Even if, at length, he realized that Leonard had passed beyond this life's outposts, it aroused in him no instinct to return to the Hall. With a somewhat sublime contempt for those shreds of poor mortality laid to rest in the family vault, he elected to live where his little master had been happiest—in Asholt camp.

Now and then he became excited. It was when a fresh regiment marched in. On these occasions he invariably made an exhaustive an examination of the regiment and its baggage as led to his being more or less forcibly adopted by half a dozen good-natured soldiers who had had to leave their previous pets behind them. But when he found that Leonard had not returned with that detachment, he shook off everybody and went back to O'Reilly.

When O'Reilly married, he took The Sweep to the Lodge, who thereupon instituted a search about the house and grounds; but it was evident that he had not expected any good results, and when he did not find Leonard he went away quickly down the old Elm avenue. As he passed along the dusty road that led to camp for the last time, he looked back now and again with sad eyes to see if O'Reilly was not coming too. Then he returned to the barrack-room, where he was greeted with uproarious welcome, and eventually presented with a new collar by subscription. And so, rising with gun-fire and resting with "lights out," he lived and died a soldier's dog.

. . . . . .

The new heir thrives at the Hall. He has brothers and sisters to complete the natural happiness of his home, he has good health, good parents, and is having a good education. He will have a goodly heritage. He is developing nearly as vigorous a fancy for soldiers as Leonard had, and drills his brothers and sisters with the help of O'Reilly. If he wishes to make arms his profession he will not be thwarted, for the master of the house has decided that it is in many respects a desirable and wholesome career for an eldest son. Lady Jane may yet have to buckle on a hero's sword. Brought up by such a mother in the fear of God, he ought to be good, he may live to be great, it's odds if he cannot be happy. But never, not in the "one crowded hour of glorious" victory, not in years of the softest comforts of a peaceful home, by no virtues and in no success, shall he bear more fitly than his crippled brother bore the ancient motto of their house:

"*Lævus Sorte Mea.*"

THE END.

IT DOES NOT TAKE a great man to be a Christian, but it takes all there is of him. —*B. Fay Mills.*

TO AN IDLE BOY.

BY FLORENCE A. JONES.

Do you weary, lad, of the daily round
Of lessons and books and school?
Do you long for a place where there's naught but play,
With never a hateful rule?

When you watch the birds as they sway and swing
From the top of the highest trees
And fling you defiance in crazy notes—
Do you envy their life of ease?

Do you think the jolliest life on earth
Is that of a free, wild bird,
Who follows its own sweet will all day
With never a chiding word?

Do you ever stop, just to think of this,
That a bird can never be
Aught but a bird, but a boy by God's grace
A noble manhood may see?

Ah! my little man, you must strive to fill
Your part of the dear Lord's plan,
Or you'll mourn your childhood in bitterness
With the aching heart of a man.

What you sow in youth you will reap in age,
Increased by the passing years—
Regret is the harvest of idleness
And garnered with fruitless tears.

—*Union Signal.*

PETER, THE "MINT BIRD."

If you have a silver dollar of 1836, 1838, or 1839, or one of the first nickel cents coined in 1856, you will find upon it the true portrait of an American eagle which was for many years a familiar sight in the streets of Philadelphia. "Peter," one of the finest eagles ever captured alive, was the pet of the Philadelphia Mint, and was generally known as the "Mint bird." Not only did he have free access to every part of the Mint, going without hindrance into the treasure vaults where even the Treasurer of the United States would not go alone, but used his own pleasure in going about the city, flying over the houses, sometimes perching upon the lamp posts in the streets. Everybody knew him and admired him, and even the street boys treated him with respect. The government provided his daily fare, and he was as much a part of the Mint establishment as the superintendent or chief coiner. He was so kindly treated that he had no fear of anybody or anything, and he might be in the Mint yet if he had not sat down to rest on one of the great fly-wheels. The wheel started without warning, and Peter was caught in the machinery. One of his wings was broken, and he died a few days later. The superintendent had his body beautifully mounted, with the wings spread to their fullest extent; and to this day Peter stands in a glass case in the Mint's cabinet, where you may see him whenever you go there. An exact portrait of him as he stands in the case was put upon the coins named.—*Harper's Young People.*

HINDU FABLE ABOUT FLATTERY.

A fox who had an eye on a peacock on a tree sat down near the tree and gazed toward the sky.

'Reynard,' said the peacock, 'what have you been doing?'

'I have been counting the stars,' said the fox.

'How many are there?' said the peacock.

'As many as the fools on earth,' said the fox.

'Who is a fool?' said the peacock.

'I am one,' said the fox, 'because I have been counting the stars in the sky when I could have been counting the stars on your brilliant plumage which I so much admire.'

'No, Reynard,' said the peacock, 'there is not your folly, but in the thought that your fine words would make an easy prey of me.'

The fox went away, saying: 'The knave that hath been found out should run away as fast as his legs will carry him.'—*Ramaswami Raju.*

THERE ARE IN PHILOSOPHY, so in divinity sturdy doubts and boisterous objections. More of these no man hath known than myself, which, I confess, I conquered, not in a martial posture, but on my knees.—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

PLUCK AND PRAYER.

There wa'n't any use o' fretting,
An' I told Obadiah so,
For of we couldn't hold on to things,
We'd just got to let 'em go.
There were lots of folks that'd suffer
Along with the rest of us,
An' it didn't seem to be worth our while
To make such a dreffle fuss.

To be sure, the barn was'most empty,
An' corn an' pertaters sca'ce,
An' not much of anything plenty an' cheap
But water—an' apple-sass.
But then—as I told Obadiah—
It wa'n't any use to groan,
For flesh an' blood couldn't stan' it: an' he
Was nothing but skin an' bone.

But, laws! of you'd only heerd him,
At any hour of the night,
A-prayin' out of that closet there
'Twould have set you crazy, quite.
I patched the knees of those trousers
With cloth that was noways thin,
But it seemed as of the pieces were out
As fast as I set 'em in.

To me he said mighty little
Of the thorny way we trod,
But at least a dozen times a day
He talked it over with God.
Down on his knees in that closet
The most of his time was passed;
For Obadiah knew how to pray
Much better than how to fast.

But I am that way contrairy
That of things don't go just right,
I feel like rollin' my sleeves up high
An' gittin' ready to fight.
An' the giants I slew that winter
I ain't goin' to talk about;
An' I didn't even complain to God,
Though I think that he found it out.

With the point of a cambric needle
I drav the wolf from the door,
For I knew that we needn't starve to death
Or be lazy because we were poor.
An' Obadiah, he wondered,
An' kept me patchin' his knees,
An' thought it strange how the meal held on
An' stranger we didn't freeze.

But I said to myself in whispers,
'God knows where his gift descends,
An' 'tisn't always that faith gits down
As far as the finger-ends.'
An' I wouldn't have no one reckon
My Obadiah a shirk,
For some, you know, have the gift to pray,
An' others the gift to work.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

NATURE AND GRACE.

The Rev. Mark Guy Pearse, in his recent Christmas sermon in the West London pulpit, related this incident:

'When I was a student, our grand old professor of theology was a man for whom we had a great veneration—simple, child-like, holy; none had ever known him to be anything else, and that gracious and unfailing sweetness and beauty were to us his natural disposition. To such a man it was no trouble to be always blameless. But one day it chanced that a student came in late to his class, and pushed his way to his seat. The professor stopped to ask gently why he was late. The answer was given somewhat flippantly, an excuse which aggravated the offence. Instantly the professor, who had been sitting, rose up to his full height, until the big, massive man seemed to fill the room, stretching out a trembling and terrible forefinger at the offender. The great shaggy eyebrows were lifted, and the lightnings shot from his eyes. Like thunder rolled these words from his lips, 'Leave the room, sir!' He started in amazement, almost in fright. The culprit crouched away from his place, and left, while that majestic figure stood there all ablaze with wrath. The door was shut. Then again the professor sat in his chair. But the storm was done. With a trembling voice he read the discourse, seeming almost unable to go on. After the lecture we left, only to gather in groups and discuss this wonderful thing. Presently came a message that the offender was wanted; and he hastened to the irate professor, expecting an angry reprimand. But there sat the old man in tears.

'"My brother,"' he sobbed, "will you forgive me?"

'"No, sir, indeed, it is I who should apologize," said the student, overwhelmed.

'"No, no, I am older. Will you forgive me? I am very, very sorry. Say that you forgive me——"

'The student managed to get out a word or two.

'"And you must tell all the students that I have apologized, will you?"

'And again there was a pause for the promise.

'"Now," said the noble old man, "I will go and ask God to forgive me."

'Nothing in all that life, nothing in all his words, ever did us so much good as that. We knew then under that gentleness and beauty what fires burned; and every man of us had a new faith and a new hope and a new love."

IN SIX HUNDREDWEIGHT OF CHAINS.

A few weeks ago a Mohammedan *fakir* came to Bombay who had voluntarily loaded himself with twenty-four *maunds* (six hundredweight) of chains. We visited him at that convenient free rest-house for native travellers, the Falkland Road Dharamsala. He was reclining on his mat and hard pillow, and was dependent upon an attendant for food. The bulk and weight of the chains, welded round his neck, arms, and legs, rendered walking impossible. It was said that when he travelled by train (he came from North India) he was charged partly as a passenger and partly as freight. He desired to go as a pilgrim to Mecca, and an ordinary ticket by steamship was purchased for him, but when he arrived at the ship the astonished officer declined his company.

Some large iron pegs and a heavy iron mallet were attached to his chains. These were used in fixing him firmly down, at his desire, in any particular spot.

This iron bondage was no new one. For twenty-four years he had submitted to it. What caused him to voluntarily endure a burden of chains which, if inflicted by any official authority as a punishment, would bring down upon the government that permitted it the execration of mankind?

He said it was his inclination to evil. As a young man he was very wicked, and he caused chains to be fastened upon him to keep him from sin. As time went on he added more chains until the present weight was reached.

The man's face was not a dishonest one. The manner of his conversion was also open. There is no reason to doubt that for twenty-four years he had been engaged in a desperate struggle with sinful inclinations. But his admission that as time passed by he added more chains was a confession of defeat.

This Mohammedan *fakir* in his ignorance had been dealing with the effect instead of the cause Better than chaining the limbs is to seek a change of heart. The psalmist understood this when he cried: 'Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.' Create? Yes; that is the word; and no hand but God's can do it. The same truth appears in the words of Jesus Christ to Nicodemus: 'Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.'—*Bombay Guardian.*

A YOUNG EVANGELIST.

BY ELIZABETH GORDON.

The shortest sermon I ever heard was preached by the shortest preacher I ever saw; and it was not on Sunday, or in a church, but on Monday, in a small steamer plying between Toronto and the Island.

Ever since the boat left Church street wharf, I had been amused by hearing a clear, high-set voice asking questions one after another, as fast as the little tongue could go, every question begun, carried on, and ended on the same high note. I could not hear the answers; for the lady in charge of the voice answered in low tones which did not reach my ear, though I sat near.

'It will learn to modulate in time,' I thought. 'She is teaching it not to speak so loud by her low, soft answers.' I had to say 'it' in my thoughts; for though every one in that half of the boat could hear the voice, only those on the other side of the lady to whom it was talking saw the face. Nothing could be seen from our point of view but a great hat of fine brown straw, which covered it like a tent, underneath which an edge of white skirts showed, and from it peeped a pair of tiny slippers.

Some of the questions asked by the voice were so original that I thought I would move around and see what was to be seen on the other side of the big hat; so I sat down on the other side of the lady, and looked on one of the loveliest child faces I had ever seen. But, oh, such a delicate-looking mite! features perfect, eyes of softest hazel, and rings of silky brown hair curling all round the blue-veined forehead.

I was wondering how long the fragile little body would stand the wear and tear of that voice, when the boat touched at Wiman Baths, and a big policeman came on board and walked towards a vacant seat beside the child. The little one looked around, then turned to the lady and put a little hand in hers.

'You need not be afraid of the policeman, darling. You are a good boy. It is only bad boys who are afraid of policemen.'

'Oh!' said the child, with a bright smile. And when the big policeman sat down beside him, he turned up the beautiful face to him, and asked:

'Are you a policeman?'

'Yes,' answered the man, looking down at him kindly.

'Why are you a policeman?' was the next question.

The policeman gave a puzzled laugh, but did not seem to have an answer ready. So the child helped him by asking:

'Is it 'cause you like to be a policeman?'

'Yes,' said the man. Then, as if afraid of any more questions, he took out the key of the patrol-box, and a pair of handcuffs, and began to explain that they were to put on bad boys when he took them away.

'You won't take me away,' said the little fellow bravely, looking him straight in the face. 'I am a good boy.'

'No, my boy, I won't take you. Whom do you belong to?' asked the big man, still smiling at the mite.

'I belong to Jesus,' said the child.

The big policeman got very red in the face, and, rising hurriedly, jumped on the wharf at Island Park.

So you see, that the sermon was only four words. Could any of you preach it?—*Sunday School Times.*

WHAT EIGHT BOYS DID.

Last summer, eight boys, with a taste for natural history and some training in that line, made a very profitable and enjoyable use of a part of their vacation.

These boys, who were high school students, took a walking and collecting trip. In twelve days they travelled 160 miles, and came home with a new stock of health, and a big load of collections. It was a very cheap trip, too, the total expenses being $9 for each member of the party.

The expedition left home one morning about the middle of June. One of the boys supplied a strong horse, which was attached to a grocer's delivery waggon. A vehicle was needed for their camp equipment and their collections. They had a complete camping outfit except a tent, which they had not been able to borrow; so they made up their minds that they would give farmers a chance to offer them the hospitality of their barns. The idea worked well, and every night they slept on the hay in one or another of the capacious barns that came in their way. Their waggon carried food supplies for two weeks.

Each boy had a valise and a roll of blankets. Then there were botany cans, a collecting press and driers, geological hammers, a camera, and all the other apparatus the boys needed for such a tour. Before they left home they agreed upon their daily routine. They were to have cooked meals morning and night and a cold snack at noon. Four boys each day attended to the culinary department, two serving as cooks and the other two serving the meals. The next day the other half of the party took their turn at the cooking pot. Usually the commissary detail rode in the waggon while the others were busy with beetles, bugs, plants, and minerals.

The boys studied the various geological formations. Some of the most interesting places visited were some slate quarries and mines, which are so rich in the beautiful crimson and green ores of zinc, and other places where the young students were greatly interested in the finely exposed rock formations. Many specimens of everything that interested them were obtained and when they came home they enriched the cabinet of the high school and had many things left to label and store away in their private collections as souvenirs of a very sensible and pleasant vacation jaunt.

The example of the eight boys may well be emulated by students in many places who have a fondness for nature and a taste for collecting specimens.—*Education Record.*

NEW CLUB RATES.

The following are the NEW CLUB RATES for the MESSENGER, which are considerably reduced:

1 copy				$ 0 30
10 copies to one address				2 25
20	"	"	"	4 40
50	"	"	"	10 50
100	"	"	"	20 60

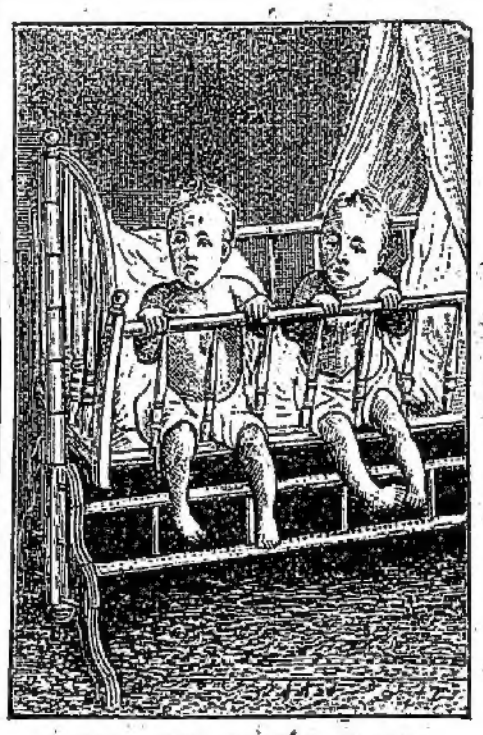
Sample package supplied free on application.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

TO SUBSCRIBERS IN THE UNITED STATES.

Our subscribers throughout the United States where International money orders cannot be procured can remit by money order, payable at Rouses Point Post Office. N. Y. State or secure an American Express Co. order, payable at Montreal.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

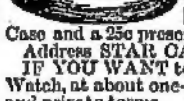


Who Said Nestlé's Food?

Infants fed on NESTLÉ'S FOOD are remarkably exempt from all forms of Summer Complaint. Consult your own family physician about this important fact.

Sample mailed free on application.

Thos. Leeming & Co., Montreal.



THIS Rolled Gold Plated Ring (worth $1), your name on 20 new and pretty Cards, silk fringed, gold edge hidden name, etc. Agent's Sample Case and a 25c present, all for 10c. Samples, etc., 3c. Address STAR CARD CO. Knowlton, P. Q.

IF YOU WANT to get cheap Jewellery, Novelties, or a Watch, at about one-half regular price, write for Catalogue and private terms. Address,
HALL BROS. & CO., Knowlton, P. Q.

USE BABY'S OWN SOAP

PLEASE MENTION THE "NORTHERN MESSENGER" WHEN REPLYING TO ANY ADVERTISEMENT THEREIN. THIS WILL ALWAYS BE ESTEEMED A FAVOR BY BOTH ADVERTISERS AND PUBLISHERS.

THE NORTHERN MESSENGER is printed and published every fortnight at No. 142 St. Peter street and from 672 to 682 Craig street, "Witness" Building, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall, of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed "John Dougall & Son," and all letters to the Editor should be addressed "Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'"